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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

APPROACHING DISSOLUTION OF GEN. JACKSON.

A correspondent of the Washington Union writing from Philadelphia, under the date of the 17th ult., says: "The announcement in Thursday night's 'Union' of the rapidly declining condition of Gen. Jackson, has been received here with universal sorrow. The regret is not confined to members of our own political party; on the contrary, I have heard prominent and unwavering Whigs express their grief that the life of this eminent and distinguished individual is but too evidently drawing rapidly to a close. No one, I believe, ever questioned the purity of Gen. Jackson's motives, or the honesty of his intentions; however much his views of policy differed from their own; and now, when a nation is waiting in silent and solemn expectation, for the tidings that 'a great man is fallen in Israel,' all are willing to acknowledge his many virtues and undying patriotism. His death will be the signal of unalloyed sorrow, from one extreme of our Union to the other. A long life has been spent in devoted public service; and amid all the eventful scenes which have checked his career, love of country has always stood out boldly and prominently, as the leading principle of his character. Well may a nation mourn, when such a man is called from works to rewards, and the wall of two which will ascend from the valleys and hills of the North, will gain force and volume as it progresses, until it mingles with the swelling anguish of our Southern brethren, who have ever regarded the hero and statesman of the Hermingway as their father and friend; and who were indebted to him, under Providence, for their preservation from the brutal barbarity of a foreign foe.

The word which bids his spirit flee,
Will wake a nation's woe;
And o'er his slain and quiet grave,
A nation's tears will flow.
For him, the noble and the good,
The chiefest of his time,
Called, in the fullness of his fame,
To his reward above.

'Twas he, who, when a mighty host,
Fled with victorious pride,
And laurels gained in well-fought fields,
By life's risk earned and died,
Swept, like a whirlwind, o'er our land,
On victory's flaming car—
'Twas he, who met the battle's shock,
And turned the tide of war.

'Twas he, who, when a mightier foe—
The power of glittering gold—
Heedless of freedom's sacred walls,
His stand to make—
Beneath the shadow of his wings,
Urged the people's will,
And bled us captive in his chains,
Brilliant, but fetters still.

'Twas he who drove the conqueror back,
In ruin and dismay,
And waved the banner of our land,
O'er freedom's banner way—
Oh! long and proudly may it wave,
Bright emblem of the free,
A token that our nation's gold
Our conqueror shall be.

And long, oh Jackson! shall thy name,
Inscribed in living light,
Be registered on history's page,
Each passing year more bright,
And millions, yet unborn, shall strew
Thy grave with summer flowers,
To prove their reverence and love
As truth and pure as air.

POPULAR TALES.

From Arthur's Magazine.

HELEN RAYMOND;

OR,
MARRYING TO BE SUPPORTED.

BY MISS M. A. HUNT.

"Helen, you are acting from an impulse that will end in the breaking of your heart," said Margaret Kelly, in an earnest tone, to the young and beautiful girl who sat beside her.

"Nonsense," replied Helen Raymond; "I'm no believer in broken hearts. In fact, I have no heart to break; you know I have yielded every atom of mine to my old beau. O, I'll be an old man's darling; yes, I'll be an old man's darling; she half sang, half spoke, rising lightly from her seat and walking toward the parlor, to prevent Margaret from saying things she did not wish to hear.

"Won't you listen to the now, Helen?" asked Margaret, following with her eyes the light figure of her friend; "in another week, perhaps, I dare not be frank with you; oh! Helen, for our friendship's sake hear me now!"

Helen paused in her graceful motions, and looked at her friend, while a shade of tenderness passed over her face. Then she approached her, and, bending, passed one arm around her neck and kissed her. Margaret would have drawn her to the sofa at her side, but Helen slightly shook her head, and withdrew her arm, saying—

"No, no, dear! I won't listen to any lectures. I know what you say. I intend to be perfectly wilful until next Wednesday, when the grave and reverend seignior, Mr. Holden Esq., will take me for his better half."

"Oh! I'd be a butterfly, born in a flower," she sang again. A keen observer would have detected in her quick tones and the very slight tremulousness of her voice, that her gaiety was affected.

Helen's mother was a widow, and poor also. But, from quite an early period, Helen, who was the eldest child, and extremely beautiful, had found a home with a widower uncle. He lived in affluence, and Helen had been fashionably educated. She was familiar with Italian and French, and played elegantly on both the harp and piano. She was now seventeen, and one of New York's loveliest daughters. For two or three years it had been her charge to oversee her uncle's domestic affairs. The truth is, he had given her a

home only for his own sake, that she might minister to his comfort. But a change came to Helen; a change fraught with suffering and bitterness. Like the generality of widowers Mr. Raymond fell in love again, and the object of his attachment was a widow, with sharp black eyes, a sharp nose, and all the sharp qualities belonging to such a physiognomy. After her engagement to Mr. Raymond, this said widow secretly resolved to have Helen dismissed from her uncle's care. She insinuated, once in a while, in the softest and sweetest manner possible, that she didn't know how it was, but she was so independent. It had been her characteristic from a child; she never allowed any one to interfere with her rights, especially family rites. The pleasant insinuations were not lost upon the enamored widower. He thought of Helen's position in his family, but did not dream his lady-love referred to her, because they were unacquainted with each other, and, to his knowledge, the widow was unconscious of the existence of his niece. But he was most decidedly mistaken; that bewitching creature knew the state of all his affairs perfectly well; how much money he was worth, how many servants he had, how much was expended on Helen's accomplishments, (for she still took lessons,) and the cost of his furniture. Lovely, thoughtful widow, how she reached into the far future! How she saw herself presiding over that splendid mansion, giving her elegant parties, and smiling with winning condescension on guests who were her superiors! Oh! how she luxuriated in her reveries! How in imagination she saw Helen Raymond quit forever her uncle's roof, after the bride came. Yes, all this she saw, that pleasant, smiling woman; all this she was determined on, and all this she accomplished. Oh! what is the heart made of when it bends to things so base—and a woman's heart too! Cold and selfish, how it wraps itself alone in its darkness—how its poison is silently but surely doing its work—how its air of living death taints the atmosphere, and blights young flowers that glow on the altar of love!

About a month before Mr. Raymond's marriage, Helen was told that a home could not be afforded her beneath her uncle's roof, after the wedding day. No conversation had passed between Mr. Raymond and the widow in which Helen's name was mentioned, or in which she was directly referred to; but her uncle seemed to have an intuitive perception that his bride elect would not permit the poor girl's stay. He himself needed her no longer; therefore, he did not care. So she was sent forth to earn her bread, or provided for herself, as she otherwise might. She had accustomed to every luxury, and this stroke fell upon her with an appalling weight. She shrunk from depending on herself—from being alone in the world with none to cheer and protect her. Her affections had been severed from her early home, and she did not ask herself if they demanded that she should share the poverty of her little brother and sister, or lighten the hard trials of her mother. She had dabbled among the brilliant, and enjoyed the pleasures of refined society. She had been caressed, and had depended entirely on others. It was a hard task now to trust to her single arm, for she did not look above for strength. In her sadness she did not try to think and feel that all was ordered right—that even the unkindness of others might benefit her heart, if she were willing to struggle forward unshrinkingly and perform the hard duties which that unkindness imposed. Oh! how much easier it is to know how to do, than to do! Helen Raymond was not in doubt as to her duty; she knew right well that her varied accomplishments might support her comfortably, and also aid her mother. But she had not the moral courage, the strength of mind to do, to do so firmly. There was a spice of vanity in her composition, for we cannot call that pride which prefers fashionable dress and dependence, to self-relying exertions.

Two weeks before the wedding was to take place, Helen was alone in her chamber; she was seated on a low stool, at the foot of her bed, with her face half buried in the bed clothes. She was weeping; and with that hopelessness so painful to witness in the young. "I cannot earn my living; I cannot!" she said, and then she wept yet more passionately. "Oh! if something would happen to save me!" She felt the warm color come in her face as she thought of what that something must be, and she half scorned herself for her mercenary feelings. She thought of marriage, and, like too many, she thought of it only as a means to rescue her from an unpleasant situation. She was young and inexperienced, and did not dream that a marriage, unless a perfectly happy one, was a thousand times worse than a state of constant toil and single blessedness. She did not think of its holiness, its responsibility, its many trials. While she was wrapt in her reveries, a servant knocked at her door, and informed her that her Italian teacher was waiting for her in the parlor.

"I'll him I will come down as soon as possible," she said, rising quickly from her seat and laying her face in cold water, to remove traces of her tears.

Then she stood before her mirror, and after smoothing her hair, carelessly twined a pale rose bud among her ringlets. Her agitation had given her a color;—she dwelt for a moment on her matchless beauty, then sighed heavily, and bent her eyes down in thought. But she raised them again to look in her glass, and train a curl to fall with more negligent grace.

"Yes," she said, half aloud, as if pursuing a train of thought, "I'll have him if he offers again to-day; what can I do that will be better?"

With a faintness at her heart and a cheek in which the color came and fled again, Helen descended to the parlor. She paused a moment at

the door, and the deep dye of shame crimsoned her brow and temples. She covered her face with her hands involuntarily, and half resolved to go back and send word that she could not come—but she heard her uncle's step on the stairs, and she opened the door and entered. A tall man, past fifty, advanced with a gentle, manly air, and said, with a kind of dignified playfulness—

"Well, Miss Helen, I am here to-day to give you a lesson, spite of your cruel treatment of me the last time."

Helen's eyes dropped, and she made no reply, as she was led to a seat. Mr. Holden was an Englishman by birth; his countenance was mild, although expressive of great determination. He was a man of extensive learning, and there was a certain fascination in his manner, when he tried to please. He had been a great traveller, and had devoted many years to study in foreign countries. He was a bachelor, possessed of a competency; but he employed some of his leisure hours in giving lessons in the several languages he understood. He thought himself a great observer of men and things, and perhaps in some respects he was. Above all things, he prided himself on his intricate knowledge of woman's nature, which, like batchelors generally he knew nothing about.

His views were peculiar on the subject. The softer sex were regarded by him as very soft—yielding enough to have no will but their husband's—and no delight but cooking for them from morning till night.

Of these sentiments Helen was not aware. If she had been, perhaps, at the close of her lesson, she had not been the betrothed wife of Mr. Holden. She had pledged her faith to a man three times her own age. True, she regarded him as being noble, benevolent in his feelings, and mild in his temper. But when the irrevocable word had passed her lips, a sudden thrill of fearful foreboding shot across her heart—a deeper sadness settled upon her soul, although it wrought no change in her manner. She felt that with all her weakness she possessed deep feeling—that if the young heart, now a sacrifice, had been placed in kinder circumstances, it might have been valued at its worth. For the first time she felt the total uncongeniality existing between herself and Mr. Holden. It came upon her with a vivid suddenness that surprised her. She felt as if there was a gulf between their hearts—that she could never admit him into the sanctuary of her deepest and purest feelings—these thoughts lasted but a moment; they did not cause her to waver in her resolution. How strange the infatuation that leads a person to follow the road to sure unhappiness, when energy and firmness might save from danger! Mr. Holden knew Helen's situation, and he proposed that their marriage should take place on the same day with Mr. Raymond's, which would be in two weeks. Helen consented.

Until the evening that Margaret Kelly called on her, Helen had been very sad. In vain she tried to throw off her depressed feelings; in vain she jested more lightly than ever—to others she appeared gay, but the weight upon her bosom was not lessened. She looked forward to her marriage with emotions far from pleasurable. Then why not escape while there was yet time? Because she had yielded herself up to discouraging thoughts in the first place, and now she was their slave.

It seemed a greater impossibility than ever to exert herself. She had set idly down and regarded only the dark side of the picture, without an effort to brighten it, and the effect was, that the little energy she once possessed was gone. Helen was no uncommon character; we see persons of the same cast every day. She was kind and gentle, and warm-hearted, naturally, and had been guided right by a mother, with a home, and a dear home, to keep sacred her young feelings, what might she not have been? Good principles had not been implanted in her bosom when a child. No fond mother had taken her by the hand, and nightly listened to her evening prayer. Although Helen had apparently paid no heed to words of Margaret Kelly, yet when she gazed her chamber that night, she repeated them over and they sunk heavily upon her heart. She was alone, and it was near midnight. Oh! what thoughts and memories and remorseful feelings will not the still hours of night bring up? There are no external circumstances to busy us; there are none to look into the depths of our souls, save God—and then, no doubt, fervent prayers are often poured forth, which day-light never sees repeated. Alas! that it should be so. Helen, too, knelt and prayed, and wept under the influence of better feelings—then she rose, and with an unsteady hand drew forth from a drawer a sheet of paper, and wrote—a recantation of her promise to Mr. Holden. She laid the note on her table, and after extinguishing the light, sought her pillow to sleep soundly, after the exhaustion of her feelings.

When she arose in the morning, she forgot the note she had written entirely. After a while her eyes fell upon it accidentally; she opened it and read it with feelings very different from those which had caused her to open it. She was a creature of impulse. That wild, fervent glow was now gone. She half wondered that she had been so strangely moved; those strong emotions had swept over her, then they had slowly passed away, leaving her in a state of comparative apathy. She began to view the subject again in its previous light; she would meet with it left to take care of herself. She thought of fashionable friends, who would not recognize her, if she labored for her support; and, more than that, she thought of the continued and daily toil, which was little in agreement with her natural love of ease. Once more the letter was read, then it was

re-read then it was slowly torn in pieces, and consigned to a corner of her work-basket.

Helen's bridal day came, and it was a day of unclouded beauty. Mr. Raymond and his lady were married early in the morning, and had started for Saratoga, before Helen, who was suffering from a headache, and doubtless a heartache, too, had left her room. Margaret Kelly had refused to be her bridesmaid, and Helen knew her decided character too well to suppose she would change. This caused the poor, infatuated girl to weep more than once. Margaret had been her chosen friend from childhood; she was familiar with all her little secrets, and they had loved each other as young girls always love, without reserve. How many times had they sat together in girlish confidence, and pictured the future, their future, full of all that was bright and happy—shadowless and clear as their own hearts then were. Oh! it is as any wonder that Helen bent her head, and hot, bitter tears on her bridal day, as she saw her sweet, but imaginary dreams, sink beneath weight of reality—and yet she weakly said, "It is my destiny."

At the appointed hour Helen stood before the altar, clad in a simple white dress, by the side of Mr. Holden. All was still and solemn as a funeral, when her pale lips pronounced the marriage vow. Not more than a dozen friends had assembled at the church to witness her marriage. Helen's eyes glanced towards the little group quickly, to see if Margaret was there. But her friend was absent. Mr. Holden had furnished a comfortable house, and thither the little bridal party proceeded as soon as the ceremony was over. That long day, how wearily it passed, as acquaintance after acquaintance called in to congratulate the newly married pair! Each time the door opened, Helen looked up eagerly in the hope of seeing her friend's dear face. But no; each time a shade of disappointment chased away that faint gleam of hope.

"Well, Mr. Holden," asked a gentleman, who sat by his side, "where are you going to take a bride, to-night; to the opera, the theater, or where?"

"We shall stay at home," replied the groom; "I begin my married life as I intend to continue it."

The gentleman was silent, and looked rather embarrassed, after he had glanced at Mr. Holden, and observed his expression. Helen's eyes flashed at this unexpected answer of her husband; it gave her a sudden insight into his character; the conviction that her freedom would be restrained, broke painfully upon her. But more painful still came the reflection, that she could blame only herself. She had intended, after her marriage, to spend the greater part of her time in company; but when she thought of being alone, alone in their new house, without the cheerful faces of friends around her, she could hardly restrain her tears. Her thoughts were diverted by being asked to play and sing. She complied readily, and her sweet voice had that low, plaintive tone, which only comes from the heart. The gentleman who had been so abruptly answered by Mr. Holden stood near. He had regarded Helen amounting almost to contempt, for he could not respect her motives in marrying as she did. He had thought her weak, cold and calculating, but when her young voice trembled in the song, a tear started to his eye. Pity was mingled with his censure; and he wondered the more that one apparently possessed of much feeling, should have desecrated the holiest emotions of the heart. But good and evil are often strangely blended in our bosoms, and it requires settled principles, and a trust in Heaven, to have the good that is within us always guide our actions.

One evening, at twilight, after Helen had been married a few months, she was sitting at the piano, singing. Her whole soul was in the music; every thing else was forgotten. She was, for the time, perhaps, happy. Her husband had entered the room unnoticed by her, and was looking somewhat sternly out of the window. At length he approached her, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. She started, and turned around, saying—

"Ah! I didn't hear you when you came in." "I suppose not," he replied, in a milder tone; "the piano, I believe, prevents both your seeing and hearing. Helen, my dear, I wish you would give up playing; it is very disagreeable to me. I do not like music, and I don't like to have my wife spend so much time in trifling."

Helen's countenance fell; she attempted to speak once, half angrily; but when she saw his calm look, the words died on her lips. She arose, and closed the lid of the piano, then sunk on a chair, and burst into tears.

"It will be a trial to you at first, my dear," said Mr. Holden, very gently; "but you will not miss it after you have given it up awhile."

"Won't miss it?" repeated Helen, looking up through her tears; "how can I help it, when it has been my dearest pleasure from a very child? I can't give it up, Mr. Holden, you don't know how much you ask of me—I cannot."

"You don't understand a wife's duties yet, my dear, married woman should have nothing to do with music, and books, &c. Their business is to sew and attend to household matters. I presume, at this moment, you don't know what Betty is doing in the kitchen."

Helen made no reply, but she slowly left the room, and descended to the basement with a heavy heart. The piano was her uncle's gift, when she was a child, and her pleasantest remembrances were mingled with it. It was the only thing that could make her forget her young heart beat as it did of old, when she called forth its sweet tones. Oh! it was most cruel to ask her to give it up! Mr. Holden was always very gentle, but he was icy and cold, and selfish, and moderate. He wished Helen to forget her young

fresh feelings, and be like him. He knew she was most beautiful, and, therefore, it was his secret desire to keep her always at home, that she might receive the admiration she invariably met with in company. Several of her young female friends had called on her. Helen at first returned a few calls, but Mr. Holden mildly insinuated that he thought it was not profitable for ladies to visit much. The day after the conversation about the piano, the silence that reigned in Helen's parlor was broken by a knock at the door. She opened it, and Margaret Kelly stood before her. She had not seen her once since her marriage, until now.

"Oh! Margaret, dear Margaret!" she exclaimed, catching both her hands, and kissing her with almost childish eagerness, "God bless you for coming to see me! I am so lonely!"

"Lonely! dear Helen," said Margaret, "looking in her young, sad face, with a suddenly foreshadowed heart; 'forgive me for not coming to see you before; it was wrong in me to stay away because I disapproved of your conduct. Do you forgive me? Oh! Helen, don't cry.'"

Poor Helen had not met with a friend before, on whose bosom she might weep; and now she sobbed like a child, and clung to Margaret, whose tears fell as fast as her own.

"But I have not seen you in so long a time; I feared you had given me up entirely. O come and see me often; every—"

She paused, and leaned her head again upon Margaret's shoulder, without finishing the sentence. She remembered her husband's dislike to her receiving company, and she bent her face to hide the deep indignant flush that crossed it. She thought of her own rights, too, and she raised her head, and said, earnestly—

"You will come often, Margaret, won't you?" "As often as I can; but you must return my visits, for you have time enough to spare, now."

After an earnest conversation, Margaret said—

"But come, Helen, play me a right merry tune, to remind us of old times." She rose and opened the piano. Helen hesitated a little, but finally took the seat her friend had made ready for her, and then played and sang for hours the old familiar songs, they had learned together when both were careless and light-hearted. They performed a duet when Mrs. Holden came in.

"Ah! Mr. Holden, how do you do?" exclaimed Margaret, looking round; "you see Helen and I are making your house very musical." She ran her fingers lightly over the keys, then started up and looked out of the window.

"Well, Helen, it is getting dark; I must go, now, Mr. Holden," she continued, drawing her arm around Helen's waist, and walking deliberately up to him, "I am going to have your lady spend a whole day with me, every week. I won't hear any objections, for I will have it so, won't I Helen?"

Helen slightly smiled, but made no reply. Mr. Holden only bowed with a stately air. Margaret saw a glance how matters stood, and her firm lip, half curved in scorn, as she gave Mr. Holden a look that showed rather too plainly what she thought of him.

"Helen, you know when I am determined on anything I always accomplish it; so remember, if you don't come and see me every week I shall come after you; good bye, dear," she said, drawing her arm closely around her young friend, and kissing her fondly. "I bid you good evening, Mr. Holden." She bowed with a formal air, then closed the door after her, and left the house.

"That Miss Kelly is your very intimate friend," remarked Mr. Holden, as she disappeared; "she certainly asks you to visit her with condescending grace; pray tell her she acquired her soft lady-like manners? I think I never saw them equalled; or perhaps I never observed her particularly before to-day."

"Her manners are what they should be," replied Helen, with a glowing cheek; "they are the index of her mind, frank and independent, without affectation. I wish I was more like her. I wish—"

"What do you wish?" asked Mr. Holden, quickly.

"No matter—nothing," answered his young wife, taking up a book, and carelessly turning over the leaves.

"Well, my dear, I have a wish that I must urge you to regard; it will be for your good."

"What is it?" asked Helen, with a nervous start, for she half divined what he was going to say.

"My wish is, that you drop entirely the acquaintance of this Miss Kelly; her influence over you, I am sure, will not be good; it is only for your sake I urge it, my dear."

"Mr. Holden, if you were to urge me to the last day of my life, it would be in vain," answered Helen, with indignant firmness; "other things I have given up, and I can yet give up many pleasures. But Margaret Kelly is my friend, she has been a true friend to me, and our friendship shall be broken only when I die. I am wavering in many things but in this I will never change."

"As you please," said her husband, inclining his head stiffly.

Weeks and months brought no change to Helen; each day her spirit was more crushed. By degrees, at her husband's desire, she gave up music, friends, and this kind of reading that would have been a recreation to her. All but Margaret. Her health began to fail; a deep melancholy settled upon her, and she scarcely spoke, except when Margaret was with her; then occasionally her once light spirit flashed forth for a moment. And yet her husband was always mild and gentlemanly; he provided for all her wants; his tone of voice was always

gentle, and he was regarded by his acquaintances as one of the best of men. But he was a tyrant; perhaps unconsciously; still he was one of the worst of tyrants, because his cruelty smote the very depths of a heart. It was hardly tangible, but it sank deeply as the unseen arrow of death. Oh! how hopelessly the light of her young spirit was quenched. Poor Helen had nothing to support her; she could not look upon the past with confidence; she had knowingly forsaken the path of right, because it seemed full of thorns. But now she found the way she had marked out for herself was more thorny, and could not be strewn with a single flower. She had been advised by her friends, but that advice was unheeded. She was perhaps too timid and dependant; her sensitive heart shrunk within itself, and hope abandoned her.

Two years had gone. It was a mild, clear evening in autumn, and every thing without was still and peaceful. In a dim and lighted chamber, two persons were alone. Margaret Kelly, with a pale, but calm face, was gazing on the wasted features of Helen. One hand clasped the thin fingers of the invalid, and she half bent over to listen to her low breathings. At length Helen turned towards her, and fixed her eyes listlessly upon her face.

"Are you better now, dear?" asked Margaret, gently kissing her, and laying her hand upon her cold forehead.

"I don't know," replied Helen, faintly; "where am I? How did you come here, Margaret?"

"You are sick, dear Helen, very sick, and I came to take care of you."

"How kind you are, Margaret; I dreamed an angel was with me; I will not live long, I feel it. See how cold my hands are."

"Oh! I don't say so, Helen, don't," begged Margaret, leaning her head upon the pillow, to hide her tears. "You may yet get well."

"If it is God's will that I shall die, I am willing, too willing. I have heard you say yourself dear Margaret, that we are never removed to the other world until it is best for us and others. Oh! I am far from being good, but God knows in my sufferings I have tried to look to Him. If we can but meet in Heaven, Margaret, will we not?"

Helen stretched forth her feeble hand to her friends, and over her dying face there beamed a spiritual light.

"How long it was before I turned to God for strength," she whispered again, in a fainter tone; "but He has heard my prayers. Oh! if I could live my life over again; but no—"

Margaret raised her face, and said, tremulously: "Don't talk any more, now, dear, you will soon be stronger; and then we—"

she stopped, and covering her face with both hands, sobbed aloud, for she saw her words were in vain.

"Don't grieve me so dear Margaret," said her dying friend, "but think of me often."

There was a long silence, broken only by Helen's faint, faint breathing; the film of death began to gather over her dark, loving eyes. Margaret bent over her, still and breathless; she felt that no sound should disturb that holiness. Helen tried to raise her hand; "Margaret," broke low from her lips.

"I am here, dearest, and now my cheek is pressed to yours. God is with you, Helen. Oh! my friend!"

Again there was a silence—the silence of death. A calm, holy and beautiful, prevailed the quiet chamber. No sound of weeping escaped from Margaret. No superstitious images came before her, as she felt she was alone. She pressed her lips upon Helen's white, cold brow, and thin cheek. She smoothed back her dark hair, and gazed long upon that form, from which the dear spirit had just departed. Then she sunk upon her knees in prayer, deep holy prayer. While she was yet kneeling, there was a knock at the door. She arose, and gave admittance to Mr. Holden.

"How is Helen?" he asked. "Miss Kelly, I think she had better have a nurse—you will be worn out."

"Look at her," said Margaret; "she has gone!"

"Dead, is she?" he replied, in a quick, whispering tone, approached the bed. He looked at her, and over his stern face there rolled a tear.

"Poor Helen!" he muttered, and he sank upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands, lost in thoughts which stung him with self-reproach. Whether the death of that young, fair creature produced a change in him, God only knows.

The story I have related is not to be drawn from imagination. It is not many years since Helen Raymond was laid in the churchyard.

Brilliant Conversation.—"Hello, stranger, you appear to be travelling."

"Yes, I always travel when on a journey."

"I think I have seen you somewhere."

"Very likely, I have often been there."

"And pray what might your name be?"

"It might be Sam Patch—but it isn't."

"Have you been long in these parts?"

"Never longer than at present—5 feet 0."

"Do you get anything new?"

"Yes, I got a new whetstone this morning."

"I thought so; you are the sharpest blade I've seen on this road."

MISSISSIPPI MILITARY MUSTER. We find in the Concordia Intelligencer the annexed speech delivered some years since by a military general of Mississippi. We give it verbatim et literatim et spirit et *l'm*. The concluding threat must have been most effective.

"Fellow-soldiers! Elected from among you to be your general, and being about to be a candidate before you again, I thought I'd state to you that I've found out at last what I was made for. I was elected to the legislature, but found I wouldn't do that; they made me a justice of the peace, but it didn't suit me;—and I've bin police jury and bridge commissioner, but there was no field for me there,—but at last you made me a general, and if that is any thing I'm fitted for, it's that and if ever the British lion goes to growling on our shores, and the allied minions investigate our country, I'll be the first man to quit it!—Hurrah for Mississippi, McNutt, and me—Hoo—pee—Hurrah!"

Intolerance.—being irreligious for the sake of religion, and hating our fellow creatures, out of a pretended love of their Creator.

To the People of Maine.

The undersigned, most of them a Committee originally selected by the Citizens of Portland at a large public meeting, called together for that purpose, and all Corporators in the Atlantic and St. Lawrence R. R. Co., believing that a question of great magnitude, involving the welfare and reputation of the whole State, will soon have to be decided by you, would invite your serious attention to some of the many facts which have weighed with them, during the progress of inquiries which have continued nearly six months; and to the following considerations of a general nature.

We are now a population of about 600,000. Our increase from 1830 to 1840, before emigration to the West had been put a stop to, by the settlement of the North-Eastern boundary, and we had become acquainted with the value of our best lands, was 25 per cent.; while that of all the rest of New-England, including Massachusetts herself, was only a fraction over 10 per cent.; being an addition to the inhabitants of Maine of 101,296 in ten years; while the addition to all the rest of New-England was only 169,246 during the same period.

We are moreover a business-people; sober, thrifty, industrious, frugal and enterprising; or, to say all in a word, a vigorous and healthy offshoot from the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Our territory is about as large as all the rest of New-England; our timber-lands are abundant, and among the finest in the world; our settlements, along the valleys of the Kennebec, the Penobscot, and the Arrostook, are worth more to the husbandman, and yield a better return for the capital invested, if health and comfort, and the means of education, and of social enjoyment, are of any value, than the Mississippi bottom-lands; our Fishing, our Commerce, our Agricultural products are vast and rich; our Manufactures flourishing and full of promise, and growing more and more valuable every year; the great sources of manufacturing wealth,—iron, fuel and water-power being plentifully distributed along our whole interior.

Our tonnage is already equal to that of New-Hampshire, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-Jersey, Virginia and North-Carolina. In ship-building we are second only to the State of New-York—have launched in 1844 nearly three times as much as Massachusetts; and rather more than Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-Jersey, Delaware, and all the States south of the Potomac.

With such a population, such a Territory, and such Resources; and after such honorable efforts, it will be for you to say—You the PEOPLE OF MAINE—and that within a few weeks at furthest, not merely whether Maine shall keep her place, or lose it, in the great struggle which is at hand; but whether she shall become a first, or fifth—perhaps a tenth rate power in the Confederacy.

With a view to this very question, the Legislature of the State has been appealed to; and after a patient and faithful examination of the whole case presented for their consideration, with maps and statistics of unquestionable authority, showing not only the natural course of trade between the Far-West and the Atlantic and between the Canadas and the Mother-Country, but a natural highway left open for both, between Lower-Canada and Maine, at least one hundred miles nearer to the Sea, than the nearest by any other route, a Charter has been granted for the construction of a Railroad along this natural highway, so liberal and safe, as to satisfy the warmest friends of the enterprise, and secure the stockholder against every sort of encroachment, forever; and with a unanimity having no parallel in our Legislation.

The distance between Montreal and Portland, as determined by a series of astronomical observations, is 204 miles. The distance by the proposed route, allowing for variations which may be required, is not over 240 miles—or 18 per cent more than the geographical distance by an air-line; about one half of which distance lies within the jurisdiction of Canada.

The total cost, according to estimates and computations, about to be published, will be from four to five millions—probably not exceeding four and a half millions, whatever may be the variations finally adopted.

Of this sum, the People of Canada have undertaken to furnish, and will furnish, at least one half, or enough to build their part of the road. Our Charter is for not less than one, nor more than three millions of dollars. But we believe that our portion of the road may be built in the best manner, and put into operation for less than two and-a-half millions.

Toward these two-and-a-half million, Portland will contribute her full share. And if the whole State of Maine will but do as much in proportion as Portland, in furtherance of that which is everywhere acknowledged, by all who understand its bearings and consequences, to be a State measure, the great work is accomplished.

Capitalists abroad are looking to you the PEOPLE OF MAINE, as you are undoubtedly looking to us, the People of Portland. The only evidence which they will be satisfied with or which you can worthily offer, of your confidence in the undertaking, and of your belief in the representations made by a portion of yourselves, and sanctioned by a solemn act of your Legislature, will be a prompt and liberal subscription to the Stock. Give but reasonable evidence of your good-faith and sincerity, and the road is built.

We are not a wealthy People. We have but here and there a large, or overgrown capitalist; and our money, whether little or much, is almost always employed: Nevertheless, we are a diligent, a thrifty, and a happy People, in what may be called easy circumstances; and thoroughly united upon all great objects having to do with the character and welfare of the State.

And if we have but few wealthy men; we have comparatively no poor; few indeed so very poor, as to be unable to take, if not their fifty or their hundred shares, at least their ten shares, their five shares or their single share.

By a provision of the Charter regulating assessments, the whole cost of a share can never exceed one hundred dollars: Upon every dollar paid in, whether by assessment or otherwise, interest will be allowed, at the rate of four per

cent, payable half yearly, up to the hour when the road goes into operation—after which, a further allowance of two per cent a year will be paid on such advances—making an available six per cent stock from the day of payment. The whole money not being wanted at once; but by little and little; over a period of about five years, according to the progress of the work, portions of which must become productive as fast as completed; and it being the settled policy of the Corporation to employ our own people along the whole route—their Treasury will be a Saving-Institution, where the sons of our Farmers and Mechanics, may fund their labor, as well as their earnings, for another day. Nor must that provision of the Charter be overlooked, which secures the rights of the majority, while it recognizes all the rights of a minority, by granting to every share a vote—so that all who have any interest, or any wishes whatever, along the line of the road, may have that interest and those wishes, fairly and faithfully represented, by a timely subscription to the stock.

We have supposed it our duty to express an opinion which may be referred to hereafter; and we therefore say that our deliberate opinion is, that the stock in this Railroad will be not only among the safest, but among the most productive, to be found anywhere, in the country.

From the nature of the business, which must flow through this channel; from the operation of laws that are universal, and which admit of no exception—such as that produce and manufactures will always seek the best market, and always, by the shortest, the safest, and the cheapest way, we believe that the stock must increase in value with every generation hereafter, and in a ratio alike astonishing and unquestionable.

On the 30th day of this month, Subscription-Books will be opened at Bangor, Thomaston, Augusta and Portland, in this State; at Salem and Boston, in Massachusetts; and in the City of New York.

Meanwhile, a provisional subscription will be opened in this city, for the purpose of showing in a way not to be misunderstood, of what Portland herself is capable, when she has a great object in view: and at able of statistics, accompanied by the estimates of our Engineers, both of which are now in preparation, will be published; so that our friends in Massachusetts and New-York as well as Capitalists over sea, may be prepared to judge for themselves.

In a word then—PEOPLE OF MAINE!—It is for you to say what shall be the character and position of our State hereafter in the Confederacy. Within a single month, you will be called upon to decide, for the next hundred years perhaps—perhaps forever—whether Maine shall be among the very foremost in this mighty Commonwealth of Nations, or only dependent upon others; whether she shall go forward or back—for there is no standing still—no keeping a pre-appointed place in the moving Empire.

Believing that we know you: and that you know yourselves; and that you are prepared to grapple with this magnificent undertaking, as it deserves to be grappled with—understandingly, and with all your heart, and all your strength—we now leave it in your hands; praying you to bear in mind that what is done at all must be done quickly; that the question is not how much we may be willing to withdraw from one stock, to invest in another—nor how much we can well spare from other business; but how much we should be willing to withdraw, and how much we would spare, rather than have such an enterprise fall through: and lastly, that of the whole two-and-a-half millions had to be raised at once, and among yourselves, by a tax upon those only of our own State who are to share in the advantages—advantages hardly capable of being over-estimated—it would only amount to four dollars a head.

PORTLAND, JUNE 1, 1845.

WM. P. PREBLE, ELIPHALET GREELY, JOHN ANDERSON, JOSIAH S. LITTLE, JOHN MUSSEY, WOODBURY STORER, WM. KIMBALL, FRANKLIN TINKHAM, JOHN DOW, JAMES L. FARMER, ST. JOHN SMITH, CHAS. Q. CLAPP, JOHN B. BROWN, GEORGE TURNER, ELIPHALET CASE, ABNER SHAW, CHAS. E. BARRETT, AUGUSTINE HAINES, CHAS. COBB, JOHN NEAL.

Fossil Remains in New Jersey. In digging a new mill race in Gloucester County, a few days since, the workmen discovered a black substance which upon examination, proved to be a large tooth. In order to learn to what animal it had belonged, the Woodbury Constitution, to whom it was presented, showed it to Professor Johnson, of Philadelphia, who pronounced it to be a tooth of the Mastodon. No other remains have as yet been discovered, but Mr. Duell intends to make a particular examination of the ground, as from the remarkable fine preservation of this tooth, it is believed the skeleton, or a portion of it may be found. The tooth was lying on a bed of limestone, about four feet from the surface, in meadow ground. Some years ago a considerable portion of a skeleton was found in Monmouth county, and last year a more perfect one in Warren county.

GREAT ROBBERY AT WASHINGTON. Mr. R. T. Paine, of Mass. was robbed of about \$5,600 near the Glass House in Washington, on Friday morning. He had spent a portion of the night at the Observatory, for the purpose of testing a telescopic instrument which he had constructed, and when on his return to his hotel, about half past one o'clock, he was met by two men, one of whom presented a pistol at his head, and demanded his money. Mr. Paine resisted, when the robber fired, the ball passing through Mr. Paine's hair. The man then knocked him down, robbing his pockets and leaving him on the ground in a state of insensibility. Mr. P. soon recovered suffi-

ciently to reach his lodgings without suffering material physical injury. The money stolen was chiefly in \$50's and \$100's of New York and Boston Banks.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 17, 1845.

STUDY OF POLITICS.

"It has been justly remarked," says the United States Journal, "that no topic can be more interesting than that which relates to the improvement of human society." Political institutions are objects of peculiar concern, and are calculated to excite the most ardent solicitude. The general happiness essentially requires, that the authority of civil government and the rights of the people should be equally established upon solid and rational principles.

It is our privilege to live under the influence of a system peculiarly excellent; a system that will stand the test of the most scrutinizing investigation. If we compare the political establishments of the United States with those of any other age and nation, without partiality, we may pronounce that our institutions are entitled to our decided preference.

Born, as we are, to our country, by the most sacred and endearing relations; it is our perpetual duty thoroughly to understand and unflinchingly to labor to preserve its highest interests. Public liberty is the greatest blessing of the social state; the most invaluable attribute of our civil constitution. Freedom of speech and of opinion, is not only necessary to the perpetuation of civil liberty, but indispensably necessary to the happiness of man, considered as a moral and intellectual being.

To enforce and advocate these inestimable rights, should be the primary object of those who aspire to have an agency in our public affairs. The science of government is founded upon peculiar and appropriate principles. Considered as a branch of the subject of morals, we can reason with correctness and certainty; viewed in that light as belonging to the extensive science of ethics, the theory of society, and the philosophy of political institutions, it is entitled to the highest consideration. It then becomes a theme worthy the particular attention of the moralist, the philosopher, the politician, and the divine.

There is certainly no topic of investigation in which the happiness of mankind is more immediately concerned, than in the doctrine which relate to civil government; there is none in which the exercise of talents can be rendered more extensively beneficial.

The genuine operation of government is to promote and perpetuate the happiness of the people. Politics should emphatically be considered that science which proposes for its object the promotion of general happiness; as government is a subject of universal concern, it should likewise become the subject of universal contemplation. With this view of the case, looking upon the subject as the constant object of moral and social obligation, can any class or profession be excused from carefully endeavoring to investigate the principles and exploring the source from which these obligations originate?

Is there any subject more worthy the attention of the man of office and turning another out of office, which we sometimes (carelessly enough) are dignified with the much abused name of politics; but we refer to those paramount duties which emanate from our natural relations—to the field of moral obligation, which is of unlimited extent, comprehending in its boundless sphere every being that is capable of pleasure and enjoyment, or that is susceptible of misery and pain.

Politics, then, being the science which investigates and enforces our social duties, every sect, calling, and profession, every jurist, philosopher, and Christian, should make it the chief study of their lives; it should become a part of their religion, second only to their duty to their Maker. Let us not be misinterpreted; we again say that we have no reference to the miserable, degraded political warfare which claims to be considered as belonging to politics; very far from it. Politics, rightly understood, should be preached in every church beneath the broad canopy of the heavens; not that preachers should engage in petty party strife; but that they should urge upon man the consideration of his social duties, and point out the way of reforming social evils.

Laboring, as does the science, under a ponderous load of inveterate and prejudice, it cannot excite surprise that the study of politics is yet in a state of infancy. In proportion as the temple of inquiry and investigation has been opened to mankind, their faculties have been multiplied and strengthened, and their knowledge has increased. If the sciences, for more abstract and difficult, have advanced rapidly towards maturity and perfection, it should be the prerogative of this to extend its empire and to dart an inquiring glance into every region of contemplation. All sciences are united by the closest ties, and the perfection of one inevitably points to the perfection of all. How, then, has the science of politics as long played the laggard? why has reform and improvement been so tardy? Why has not the touch-stone of examination been applied before this to long slumbering errors and delusions? why has knowledge of government been so long confined, like the secrets of an oracle, to the initiated few? What substantial reason can be assigned why experienced men have been so slow in collecting their facts for universal distribution—opening to the gaze of the world the conclusions to be derived therefrom—allowing universal humanity to profit by the personal of the universal volume of political truth?

What reason can we assign that politics—the science of civil society and social happiness—should stand a solitary exception among her sister sciences, and be rendered the forbidden tree of knowledge, the fruit of which it is sacrilegious to touch? It should become the patrimony of all. The destinies of the human species upon earth should no longer be governed by the delusions of the senses, but by the convictions of the understanding. Ancient stratagems and impostures have had their day; the valuable fabric of human society must hereafter rest upon a different foundation.

"THE TARIFF." "While the manufacturers," says the Worcester (Mass.) Palladium, "are making dividends of profit, of from 15 to 25 per cent, we are assured that we can hire one of the best farms in Worcester county for less than two per cent, on its valuation but a few years ago. Why is this? Will some one explain to us why the great agricultural interest is thus deprived, while the comparatively unimportant interests of manufacturers are so much burdened with accumulated profits?"

Men who are idle hauling in dividends, hand over hand, will never stop to explain the source of their gains; but they who are oppressed by the operation of the same system may well ponder and ask for its reasonableness and justice.

The present administration is pledged to give freedom to industry and trade from the shackles imposed upon them by Congress, acting for the benefit of favored classes. Yet we are not without our fears. Some are inclined to couple "incidental protection" with the idea of a revenue tariff; and although a harmless phrase when properly guarded and restricted, yet, there is in it an inherent power of expansion capable of covering almost any abuse which Congress, acting for a favored class, may choose to inflict upon the country. The great New England manufacturers will be perfectly satisfied with the doctrine of "incidental protection," only allow them to give the phrase their own interpretation.

It is due to the great agricultural class, that the government should relieve them from all such restrictions as forbid them buying and selling to the best advantage. It is due to the industry of the country, that the burden of taxation, unequally imposed should be lightened by dispensing with all taxation, not absolutely necessary for revenue. Will the Democracy be true to its professions, and see that it is done?

Portland and Montreal Railroad.

By the politeness of a gentleman in Portland, we have received a copy of the prospectus of the Portland and Montreal Railroad. Its length precludes an insertion in our column this week. The following are the

CONDITIONS

Prescribed upon opening Subscription Books to the Capital Stock of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad Company, on the 30th June, 1845.

1. Every subscriber shall at the time of subscribing pay to the Treasury of said Corporation the sum of five dollars for each and every share so subscribed for, and such payment with the date thereof shall be entered in the subscription Book against his or her name.

2. Whenever an assessment upon said shares shall be called for by the President and Directors of said Corporation, every Stockholder shall be at liberty to pay into the Treasury sum over and above the sums so assessed on each share, as he or she may see fit to pay, not exceeding, however, in the whole one hundred dollars on each share. No assessment shall exceed five dollars on each share.

3. Every Stockholder shall be entitled to demand and receive from the Corporation at the end of six months from the date of payment of the first assessment, two per centum upon the whole amount paid by him or her, inclusive of the sum paid at the time of subscribing for the stock.

4. Every Stockholder shall be entitled to demand and receive from the Corporation, at the expiration of every succeeding six months, and until the last assessment for said Railroad shall be payable, at the rate of four per centum per annum upon all monies paid in by him or her, inclusive of the sum paid at the time of subscribing for the stock.

5. That when the last assessment upon said stock shall be called for and payable, the holder of each share shall be entitled to demand and receive two per centum per annum in addition to the same before received, upon the sum previously paid in on each share, computing the time from the time when such payments were respectively made, up to the day on which said last assessment was payable.

6. The more effectually to secure the rights of said subscribers to said stock, it is hereby provided, that in case of the death of any subscriber before the whole amount of said Capital Stock shall be called for, and payable, and the amount actually paid in by him or her before such death, shall be equal to one or more full shares or shares as provided by the Charter, then the heirs or heirs of such deceased subscriber shall be entitled to receive a certificate of such full share or shares, wherever certificates of stock shall be issued by the Corporation.

Provided, however, that the sale of the residue of the shares so subscribed for by such deceased person shall produce a sum equal to the assessments due at the time of such sale upon all shares so subscribed for, or that any deficiency in such sale be made up by such heir or heirs, and not otherwise.

In case the whole number of shares subscribed for, shall exceed thirty thousand shares, such excess shall be disposed of by reducing pro rata, such subscriptions as may be, each, over and beyond twenty-five in number, without making any fractional part of a share in apportioning said excess.

A preliminary subscription has been opened in Portland, each subscriber pledging himself to take the number of shares subscribed for when the books shall be legally opened, and we learn that rising \$400,000 were taken up in two days. The books will be opened the 30th of this month at Portland, Augusta, Thomaston, and Bangor, and will be kept open ten days only. A short letter of Address requesting and authorizing any gentleman in either of those places to subscribe in your name will accomplish the object as well as though you personally subscribed to the books.

In addition we copy the following table which gives the interest on the amount actually paid in on five shares, and the probable time the different assessments will be called for.

TABLE.		
Five Shares Subscription.		Payment.
1845—July 1, \$25		\$50.00
Nov. 1, 25		
1846—May 1, 25	4 per cent., \$1.33	25.00
Aug. 1, 25		71.92
Nov. 1, 25	4 per cent., 1.75	25.00
1847—Feb. 1, 25		25.00
May 1, 25	4 per cent., 2.75	25.00
Aug. 1, 25		93.50
Nov. 1, 25	4 per cent., 3.75	25.00
1848—Feb. 1, 25		25.00
May 1, 25	4 per cent., 4.75	25.00
Aug. 1, 25		25.00
Nov. 1, 25	4 per cent., 5.75	25.00
1849—Feb. 1, 25		25.00
May 1, 25	4 per cent., 6.75	25.00
Aug. 1, 25		65.50
Nov. 1, 25	4 per cent., 7.75	25.00
1850—Feb. 1, 25		25.00
May 1, 25	4 per cent., 8.75	25.00
Aug. 1, 25		41.25
Nov. 1, 25	4 per cent., 28.75	37.46
1851—Feb. 1, 25		\$427.88

RHODE ISLAND MATTERS. At a meeting of the friends of Liberation, held at Providence on Thursday last, it was resolved inexpedient to issue a call for a mass meeting to be held in that city on the 4th of July next, because the time occurring anterior to that day would not admit of the necessary preparatory arrangements, and would prevent the attendance of persons from distant sections of the Union; and also because there are different opinions in regard to the propriety of such a meeting until Liberation shall have been acted upon by the Legislature at its June session.

A committee, with Heczekiah Willard at its head, was appointed to make such arrangements in regard to a future meeting or convention, as it may deem best for the interests of the Democratic party in the State. [Eastern Argus.]

COUNTY FETTERS. The strangest alteration in bank bills, that we have seen for many a day, made its appearance in this city yesterday. It was the Washington Bank, Boston, altered to Washington Bank, Westbury, R. I. The lettering, one dollar, and the location and signatures, were extracted, and filled up, \$100—Westerly, R. I.; Charles Perry, Cash'r, Nathan F. Dixon, Pres't. The counterfeits \$5's, of the National Bank, Providence, mentioned a day or two since, are quite plenty in our market at present. A little extra effort and the rascal might be caught. [Boston Atlas.]

ICEBERGS. The packet ship Montezuma, from Liverpool, has been six days in the ice lying to three days completely surrounded by ice islands—the weather uncommonly foggy. When in lat. 43 10, lon. 53 20, after having been three days very thick, Capt. Lowther then saw eleven islands of ice around him, one of which extended to the length of two miles, and from appearance was two hundred feet high. During the time the Montezuma lay to, the wind was from the S. E.

"THE INFORMAL SUBSCRIPTION TO THE RAILROAD STOCK IS GOING ON UNDER VERY FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES." Our citizens enter into the spirit of the matter fully, and several of our capitalists, of whom much was not expected, are taking liberally. We glory in them. They are doing what they will be proud of hereafter, when they encourage this noble enterprise. "The work goes bravely on." [Portland Argus.]

SAVING. An editor somewhere advises young people to get married in these hard times, because when two persons are made one, it only costs about half as much to live. The editor ought to have a piece of plate.

"THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA WILL BE DELAYED A COUPLE OF MONTHS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE DETERMINATION TO PROCURE THE POSTS IN TENNESSEE, WHERE THEY CAN BE PROCURED CHEAPER THAN IN MAINE, WHENCE THEY WERE AT FIRST ORDERED." The affair is so far certain to be completed, that contracts for the posts and wire have actually been made.

Pretty soon. The Essex County Whig says the needle-women are like the enemy spoken of in the parable; they saw far less while the husband-men sleep.

